

Top 10 things the Greeters didn't say to you

- 1. Did you know there are hot springs five miles away from here?
- 2. Firearms are allowed, if they're locked up. We trust you.
- 3. You're with Fox News? Cool!
- 4. Burning Man is 7.5 miles north of here, then 3.2 miles due east. If you get lost, come back to this point and start again.
- 5. Any opera by Pepé Ozan is a boring waste of time.
- 6. If you want to burn something, there's a room under the Man you can use.
- 7. There are undercover cops all over the place. Beware of clean-cut people.
- 8. Nobody wants to see your dirty naked hippie ass.
- 9. That's a fabulous feather boa!
- 10. Anything else you need to know can be found in the Black Rock Gazette.

— Malderor and Playa Kitten

Older naked guys

There's a very sick and twisted strain of P.C. going around the playa and I don't mean *Piss Clear*. Some of my most liberal "womyn" friends have been heard saying, "What's with all these middle-aged naked guys." But if I were to say, "Fat chicks shouldn't go topless," I'd be found dead in my tent, strangled by a feather boa.

Okay, so male nudity isn't a very creative costume — but the reason middle-aged guys get naked at Burning Man is because they can. And we should support that, even if it gives you a creepy feeling. I'll admit, even I personally felt a chill when I saw a fiftysomething guy wearing nothing but one of those Dr. Seuss hats on his head, and a bow tie on his other head. It made me think of my parents having sex, which is never a good thing.

But really, where else can middle-aged dudes, especially of the heterosexual flavor, do this sort of thing without getting arrested or asked to join the priesthood? Even in our temporary Nirvana, we don't seem to be comfortable with the naked male form — especially cartoonish, erect depictions of ones in front of Jiffy Lube.

Other artists have made careers at Burning Man out of sculpting vaginal effigies and squirting naked women, but we have a hard time with hard-ons or even the dangling naughty bits of the normally repressed middle-aged male. Get comfy with it. Hug a naked guy today ... but do it at arm's length.

— Rev. Blind Toaster

Nudists: Take off that t-shirt!

The playa is nothing if not a place to gain some perspective on how positively normal our bodies are. With all the nekkid folk milling around, body parts are reduced from forbidden fruit to curves, bumps, and stumps. And that's great. But there's one line that should not be crossed, even in the no-holds-barred (unless you're Jiffy Lube) world of Burning Man, and that's the "just a t-shirt" look. Fellas, this is 31 flavors of wrong. Show me your hairy gut, your man-boobies, but if you put on a shirt, put on some pants. It's nothing I wouldn't do for you.

— Huckleberry Juicebomb

Top 10 albums for the playa

- Aphex Twin — *Analogue Bubblebath*
- Björk — *Homogenic*
- DJ Shadow — *Endtroducing*
- Hybrid — *Wide Angle*
- King Missile — *King Missile*
- Massive Attack — *Mezzanine*
- The Pixies — *Surfer Rosa*
- Radiohead — *The Bends*
- Richie Hawtin — *Closer to the Edit*
- Ween — *The Mollusk*
- *Orange Peel Moses*

YOUR ART IS WRONG

The *real* story behind last year's infamous 'Jiffy Lube incident.' Was it art censorship? Homophobia? Or just one *really* uppity queen?

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

Last year, in what has become KNOWN in Black Rock City as the "Jiffy Lube incident," there was a protest. Not a fake, "Burning Man performance art" protest, but a *real*, bona fide demonstration.

Why? Because, as you probably already know, the Pershing County sheriff requested that Jiffy Lube **remove** a sign from the front of their **camp**. The sign in question — some would call it **art** — was twelve feet tall, brightly painted, and cut out of plywood. Oh yeah, and it portrayed two cartoon men happily engaged in **anal** intercourse. Did we mention that Jiffy Lube is a **gay sex** theme camp?

Provocative, funny, silly, campy — the mechanized sign was many things, not the least of which a lightning rod for **controversy**.

The story goes like this: Last year, on Thursday, the sheriff's department stopped by Jiffy Lube and asked them to remove the **sign**, saying there had been complaints from the nearby family camp, although **no one** with Kid's Camp has ever admitted they made a complaint.



The Jiffy Lube sign was definitely the "Kodak picture spot" of the playa last year.

parading through the city and ending in Center Camp. After attracting a **sizeable** crowd, the protest's organizer, Bradley Jordan, took the art **back** to Jiffy Lube, put it in the back of a pick-up truck, and continued the march to Larry Harvey's camp, where he **berated** the Burning Man **head honcho** with a bullhorn until he addressed the crowd. Larry attempted to **placate** the protesters by saying that the mores of a rural community like Pershing County needed to be understood. "These **cowboys** are so far in the **closet**, they can't find a **way out**," he said. Oh, what a big ol' **mess** it was! The sign was eventually stashed **behind** the Jiffy

Lube tents, the Man burned, and everyone went home. **End** of story? Not quite.

Joe Olivier, aka Exact Lee, is the Facilities Director for Jiffy Lube. He was there during the **debacle**, and in this **exclusive** exposé for *Piss Clear*, he details the whole **sordid** affair. And of course, it's not so much about art censorship. It's more about **sex**.

ART IS ANYTHING YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH

by JOE OLIVIER

Over the course of the year, the so-called "Jiffy Lube incident" has spawned numerous discussions, rumors, and media attention, none of which accurately reflect what *really* happened. I should know. I was there.

First things first, shall we? The art piece in question is entitled "Men in Action," and it was created by California artist Mark Canepa as an adaptation of an earlier piece displayed at the Daddy Love's theme camp back in 1995. J.D. Petras, one of the **founders** of Jiffy Lube, had a Polaroid of the piece, which was in Center Camp, and he asked Mark to create something similar.

Mark added his own artistic vision to it and **definitely** took it to a new level. I have to admit that when I first saw it on the playa, I was **surprised** — even as a **gay** man. It left no doubt as to what was being depicted.

We set it up, lit it with spotlights, and got it **running** — no easy task, as it was powered by a 12-volt DC motor. It was an **instant** hit though, quickly becoming the "Kodak picture spot" of Black Rock City. We were **proud**.

Things were fine until Friday afternoon. I **first** heard of the trouble as I was mixing early cocktails for my camp. A messenger **came** by from the Jiffy Lube tents and said that the sheriff had come by the **previous** day and told us that we had to move "**Men in Action**" behind the tents. I asked my attorney, who happened to be camping with us, what our **options** were. (Never travel without legal counsel is what I always say.) "Listen to the person with the **weapon**," he said. "Do you **really** want to litigate a case out here in **bum-fuck** Nevada?"

Hmm ... confrontation, litigation, possible arrest? No, this wasn't the vision that brought us to Burning Man. Would moving the piece **somehow** lessen Jiffy Lube? From what I had seen,

Jiffy Lube **hardly** needed any advertisement of what was going on **inside** the tents. Did we want The Man to **raid** Jiffy Lube's tents and arrest everyone on **odorous** charges? **No**. To keep the party going, we thought it would be **better** to follow

cover story

the sheriff's directive and move the sign behind the tents.

Now it's important to **note** here that we were never

dismantle the piece. The sheriff simply asked that we move it from what was a **very** visible **corner** in our city to a spot behind the tents where it could still be viewed. Art censorship? Homophobia? Not by my **definition**!

Now if the sheriff had hauled away our piece, *that*, for me, would have been censorship! But since ours wasn't the **only** installation asked to tone it down — a camp projecting hardcore **porn** on a large screen on the Esplanade was paid a visit by the cops as well — it **hardly** seemed like **homophobia** on the part of the sheriff.

At the time, I didn't see this as a **big** deal. But **little** did I know we had an activist "sleeper cell" lurking in our **camp**, waiting to be activated.

That "sleeper cell" was an **annoying** Burning Man **newbie** from San Diego named Bradley Jordan. I had **observed** Bradley cruising the Jiffy Lube **tents** very soon after we had gotten it all set up.

The **reason** I noticed him wasn't because he was good looking — he **wasn't** — but because as hard as this guy tried, he couldn't seem to **hook** up with any of the other guys at Jiffy Lube! In this highly-charged sexual atmosphere, this guy couldn't get **laid** to save his life!

(Two of my friends later told me that Bradley had **tied his dick** off with a piece of string to make it seem like he was **uncircumcised** — and **that's** why no one wanted to have sex with him. But I **digress**.)

Here's where the second sign of trouble comes in. Friday night, as I cruised through the Jiffy Lube tents on my way to the playa, I see Bradley Jordan handing out flyers for a protest on **Saturday at high noon**!

Where the hell did he print up flyers? Is there a Kinko's somewhere in Black Rock City that I don't know about?

The **flyers** intimated that the next move for the sheriff was to "shut down our gay camp!" It seemed Bradley finally found something to focus on, since he obviously couldn't get laid at Jiffy Lube.

The protest march at noon had been agreed upon at a **meeting** with the Black Rock Rangers, the BLM, the sheriff, and J.D. **Obviously**, no one really thought that a protest at noon would attract anyone — I mean, aren't most of us **asleep** at that time?

The protest happened, and **paraded** around the city to Center Camp. Then, it **veered** off to Larry Harvey's camp. This was **not** part of the agreed-upon plan. There, Bradley bellowed from a bullhorn, **insisting** that Larry address the group. Larry was **gracious** enough to improvise a response and the protest march headed back to Jiffy Lube. Bradley announced that the **sign** wouldn't be moved, and that he was going to chain himself to it and be arrested. Never mind that we



Bradley Jordan

Lube was told that if an **arrest** were made over the art issue, it would be difficult to convince the BLM to allow a **permit** for next year's Burning Man.

So a compromise was reached, stating that the sign would **indeed** be removed from public view. However, a protest march would be staged on **Saturday at noon**,

parading through the city and ending in Center Camp. After attracting a **sizeable** crowd, the protest's organizer, Bradley Jordan, took the art **back** to Jiffy Lube, put it in the back of a pick-up truck, and continued the march to Larry Harvey's camp, where he **berated** the Burning Man **head honcho** with a bullhorn until he addressed the crowd. Larry attempted to **placate** the protesters by saying that the mores of a rural community like Pershing County needed to be understood. "These **cowboys** are so far in the **closet**, they can't find a **way out**," he said. Oh, what a big ol' **mess** it was! The sign was eventually stashed **behind** the Jiffy

Lube tents, the Man burned, and everyone went home. **End** of story? Not quite.

Joe Olivier, aka Exact Lee, is the Facilities Director for Jiffy Lube. He was there during the **debacle**, and in this **exclusive** exposé for *Piss Clear*, he details the whole **sordid** affair. And of course, it's not so much about art censorship. It's more about **sex**.

WHAT'S OUT WHAT'S IN

absinthe	soy chai
angel wings	devil horns
annual themes	just burning shit
art cars	art motorized wheelchairs
Bianca's	Jiffy Lube
bindis	forehead piercings
bringing your boss	bringing your mom
Center Camp Cafe	making your own goddamn coffee
children	21+ w/ID
chill spaces	getting refused theme camp status
cocaine	Red Bull
"community standards"	anarchy!
conformity	assimilation
delivering <i>Piss Clear</i> on foot	delivering <i>Piss Clear</i> from your golf cart
drugs	booze
glow stick spinning	fire spinning
handmade gifts	homegrown buds
Kids Camp	Public Sex Camp
Larry's Hat	Larry's Golf Cart
police that draw their guns on artwork	artwork that draws its guns on police
protests	demonstrations
regurgitated art	bad art we haven't seen before
your tent blowing away	RVs
sarongs	micro-minis
virtual reality	alternate reality

— compiled by Sage Collins, Mysterious D, Lenny Jones, Lois Layne, Dr. Lizard, Stewart McKenzie, and Adrian Roberts

classifieds

PAPERBOYS & PAPERGIRLS WANTED TO HELP DELIVER PISS CLEAR!

Feeling guilt-tripped into "participating?" Become a *Piss Clear* paperboy or papergirl! It's instant and easy participation. Stop by the *Piss Clear* offices at Great Circle at Mainmast (2900'). Ask for Distribution Dick. Have a golf cart? You're our new best friend! Be part of the *Piss Clear* delivery team! It's a fantastic way to meet new people! Get dates! Get laid! All while delivering Black Rock City's favorite alternative newspaper!

REUNION FOR PRE-1994 BM OLD-TIMERS!

Have you been burning for nine years or more? If you were greeted by shotguns at the "gate," drove 100 mph on the playa, and revealed at the drive-by shooting range back in 1994, you're invited to a reunion for "senior" burners of all ages. Meet some of the other 1000 participants who burned it with you back then. A gathering of old friends who've never met. This Thursday evening, 6 - 8 PM, at Soma FM 102.3, part of the Irrational Geographic Society. Cody of Camp Cul De Sac hosts. Please bring a beverage.

"BORROWED" BIKE

To the person who's bike I accidentally borrowed last year the night of the Burn: I left it where you could find it — Reno Pawn.

MEDIA MECCA HAPPY HOUR

Every day, Monday thru Friday from 4:30 - 6 PM at Media Mecca. A chance for artists and media to mingle!

CURATOR SEEKS CONSORT

If you are incredibly brainy, amusing, adventurous, good-looking and somewhat twisted, it may interest you to know that a certain Queen is taking applications for a Playa Drone. Come to the Beehive in Easter Island, Center Camp, for an interview. Serious applicants only. What's in it for you? Royal jelly.

DRAG QUEEN MAKE-UP 101 NAMBLA the Clown and Erica Candy Cane's Burning Man DIY Make-up Seminar — Thursday, 5 - 7 PM at the THINair Airport Lounge, Isle-of-Avalon. Bring your own drag and make-up. Followed by Avalon's "Dashing Disguise" Party.

THE MAN OF MYSTERY

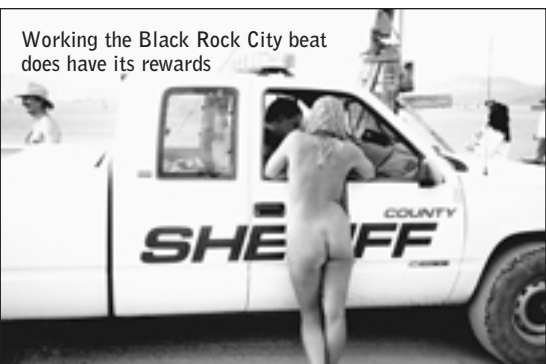
Who is he? What is he? He will appear at the Man of Mystery installation on the playa, at about 135', and about 600 feet from the Esplanade, in the direction of that "other" Man you may have heard about. When? Saturday evening at 6:48 PM. What will he do? We don't know. But if you want to know more, follow him as he walks into the Unknown. Don't stop. Keep on going. Only those who don't give up will be rewarded with the hidden knowledge that only the Man of Mystery can impart.

GET DOWN!

Assloads of funk, in search of trunk. Meet at FunkCamp.

STINKY WHITE HIPPY

On acid, pot, and something else, seeks instant soulmate for rambling conversation about God, the meaning of life, and/or corn flakes. Stoned only, please.



Working the Black Rock City beat does have its rewards

Lenny Jones

Cop's guide to Burning Man

by OSAMA BIN LARRY

So here you are at Burning Man. So what to do? Bust pot smokers for **toking** in the tent? Fine ravers for **eing** in the open? Ticket all those **bare titties** you really want to grope? Or just make **fun** of all the people that are **different** from you?

Hold on there, Jack Webb! Why don't you just sit down, loosen your 46-inch belt, and read this helpful article filled with advice on how to handle **all** the Burning nuttiness!

Back off!

Instead of rolling up in your SUVs with **shotguns** and assault rifles at the **ready**, try approaching people with **respect** and kindness. Or **better** yet, leave them alone. In case you haven't noticed, that's why most of **us** come to Burning Man — to get away from people like you.

SWAT is a four-letter word

As your fellow Nazis in Blue will **attest**, the only people that **bring** "real guns" to Burning Man are you. Most us aren't armed, **nor** do we want to be. To be quite honest, no one at Burning Man wants to **harm** or hurt any one. Especially not you, Piggy Sue. That's why every **camp** you walk into, people look at you and turn away. Not because they break the law and hide, but because you **come** around wearing a **steel phallus** on your hip.

Bring gifts, not guns

When you go into a camp, a **bag** of potato chips goes a lot **further** than all the weaponry in our bloated military budget. Yes, I **know**, the sheriff will be **mighty** pissed off to find that all the **money** he spent on tactical gear and **helicopters** might have been **better** spent on a couple bags of Ruffles and a **case** of Bud.

I see drug users everywhere!

Believe it or not, one of the reasons people **drive** thousands of **miles** to come here is to get **high**. More importantly, to get high without you staring over their shoulders.

Yeah, **yeah**, I know. Law, law, **breaking** the law, upholding the law, make me **yawn**. Nevada is getting ready to **decriminalize** pot! More than any other state in the union, Nevada stands for state's rights! The people wanted gambling and **prostitution** and they got it. The **fact** of the matter is, there's no law that says you can't look the **other** way.

Let people have their fun. Let people get **high** and get fucked up for **SIX** days in their lives without thinking about what's going to happen when the Law finds them.

And on the **seventh** day, we can all be **back** in your world where you have the **power** of the state and we're all just **peons**.



This article excerpted from the **Yahoo Education Project** pamphlet. The YEP team hands out these educational pamphlets to any suspicious yahoes on the loose. Stop by the original Light Brite camp for a copy or check out Center Camp and various portapotties around the playa.

BURNING SCOUTS

After two years of serving BRC from our HQ in Gigsville, the Burning Scouts have pulled up stakes and gone mobile. Keep an eye peeled for our charred khaki Scout shirts and ask how you can earn Demerit Badges in such disciplines as Unfocused Rage and Lap Dancing. The Burning Scouts encourage homosexuality. Be impaired!

FASHION EDITOR WANTED!

Piss Clear seeks fashion editor and photographer for special playa fashion issue. Please stop by our offices at Great Circle and Mainmast, or e-mail piss-clear@blue-period.com

TWINKIEHENGE

Snubbed by the BM art foundation! Back for a third year at Center Camp Cafe.

the Rangers, and the sheriff, along with his grandstanding about censorship and homophobia, had detracted Jiffy Lube from our **mission** on the playa.

In short, he had **become** a **bore**. Yes, Burning Man is about radical **self-expression**. But I don't think that self-expression should infringe upon another's experience. To me, that is not an **unreasonable** request. If I have a piece of art that disturbs others, I can **respect** people's choice of whether or not to **view** it. I'm all for choice, and giving people the opportunity to choose. In short, it's not about **censorship** — it's about **building** community.

Props to the B-52's for the headline of this article.

ly rather not, and I told him that I'd always admired his taste (I couldn't resist saying this). We're fine with him and Jiffy Lube. In fact, we even had plans to display the sign at our Decompression party, but they didn't manage to deliver it. But we would have put it in the courtyard at the club, not on the street. Show me any municipality in America that would do otherwise. I don't suppose we can expect Pershing County in rural Nevada to exceed the standards of San Francisco.

PC: *Many people are still upset over the "Jiffy Lube incident," and are planning more provoking artworks for this year. Do you foresee more "art censorship" on the part of the sheriff? If so, how do you plan to deal with it?*

LH: I would suggest that anyone who really wants to be a martyr for the right to display pornographic signs proceed directly to the police compound and present themselves for arrest and get it over with. They will be in clear violation of state and county laws and should be prepared to get a good lawyer. Black Rock City has no sovereign power to protect them. Part of the irony, of course, is in calling the sign "art." The joke used to be that the difference between pornography and art is lighting. In the case of the Jiffy Lube sign, I don't think even J.D. would include the bright pink figures depicted in the category of "art." He certainly didn't want it in his living room.

Let's be real. It was displayed at an intersection that the police had to drive by every day on their way to and from their headquarters. At any time they might have been photographed in front of it. This "art" was also located very close to Kid's



Teire

Camp. I don't have a problem with that, but the police very obviously did, and it is their county, as I've said. I think context meant a lot in this situation.

PC: *Were you aware that a sign very similar to the Jiffy Lube piece was prominently displayed at Daddy Love's in Center Camp in 1995? And no one thought twice about it. What do you think it says about the way Black Rock City has changed that six years later, the sheriff wants something similar removed from public view? If it wasn't a problem in 1995, why would it be in 2001?*

LARRY ON JIFFY LUBE

Piss Clear: *Do you feel that the Pershing County sheriff's request of Jiffy Lube to remove the "Men in Action" artwork constituted an act of art censorship and/or homophobia? Was it wrong?*

Larry Harvey: I think it was an act of censorship, and I also think they had a right to do it. They were applying their "prevailing community standards" — not ours — and their's is the compelling legal jurisdiction. But I doubt that this was particularly homophobic. They also asked a group (I'm not sure who) that was projecting heterosexual porn on a large screen on the Esplanade to tone it down, and I'm told this group switched to soft porn.

I would suppose that the issue for local law enforcement was the exposure of children to pornography in an openly public setting. They have chosen to tolerate nudity, but kids and porn combined remain a hot button issue.

Stories circulating at the time about a policeman calling someone in the camp "a faggot" and reaching for his gun are completely unsubstantiated. It appears they were concocted by the firebrand who led the protest, and he has lied about a number of other things. Indeed, the sheriff was willing to sit down with camp members to negotiate a compromise solution, and the police ignored activity within the camp entirely. We could find no case for any sinister agenda.

PC: *Does the Burning Man organization feel somewhat at the mercy of county law officials in situations such as this? It seems to me that if you made a stink*

about the "Jiffy Lube incident," you would have run the risk of being shut down. So in a way, your hands are tied. Even if you don't agree with them, you have to go along, in order to ensure the survival of Burning Man. Would you agree with this assessment?

LH: Yes, I would agree with this assessment. We've reached many reasonable accommodations with the county about a lot of things. They have actually ceded us a remarkable degree of autonomy and refer to our event as a city. This is real community, and we've worked hard to gain their trust and respect. But they do have a legal right to assert their own community's standards.

The compromise arrived at was that Jiffy Lube move the sign into the confines of their camp, and this was agreed to by all parties. The Rangers merely mediated this discussion. The only person to ignore this agreement, which actually allowed them to stage a public political protest, was Bradley Jordan. He did this while denouncing me and the other organizers as homophobes. I told the crowd that the viability of our event was endangered, since the Jiffy Lube folks were in violation of an agreement they had already consented to and this would be perceived as a breach of trust. Bradley could, on the other hand, have proceeded directly to the police compound and been arrested, but he chose not to do so. Having talked with him for at least an hour afterwards, I am convinced he was looking for publicity and that vilifying us was the shortest and safest way for him to accomplish this.

Someone I know — let's call him "Deep Throat" — ran into one of the principles of Jiffy Lube in New York City, and apparently had an enlightening conversation over several drinks. The story goes like this: Bradley Jordan was not well-known to the other campers and, in the course of making his opinions known, smacked J.D., the sign's owner and a longtime participant, in the face. This guy was both a Newbie and a bully, and said later that all Burning Man was about was, "sex, sex, and more sex." This is particularly ironic, inasmuch as he couldn't seem to get laid. The guy had serious problems. My source in New York opined that, if he'd known it would come to that, he would have just given him a blow job. Personally, I detest most ideology, since many conflicts such as this reduce down to just such pathetic facts as this. Politics and bad sex, I've noticed, are frequent bedfellows.

PC: *Do you think you handled the situation fairly?*

LH: As attested to in my Afterburn reply, I really think we did. Everybody, including both the authorities and the Jiffy Lube camp members, bent over backwards to come up with a reasonable accommodation. It reduces down to the rage of one person.

J.D. is an old friend, and I talked with him afterwards back in San Francisco. He was pretty embarrassed by the entire episode. He asked me if the Project wanted to store the sign and I suggested, since he was building an addition to his house, that he display it there. He said he'd real-

This is *not* "home"

What's the fucking deal with the BMorg sending out e-mails ending with a chirpy "Welcome home!" like it's some kind of Rainbow Gathering. What's next? Holding hands before dinner and chanting 'om'? Yelling "we love you" across the playa?

I keep hearing Black Rock City referred to as "home." I'm on this Ranger list and they're like, "Yup, got the truck loaded. I'm heading home!"

Bend me over and fuck me with some rusty rebar. BM is turning into a Star Trek convention.

This not your home, people. Your home has running water — and no naked women running around!

— *Cautious Mike*

Malderor's playa tips

Take side streets. Everybody walks on the Esplanade. Oftentimes there are cool projects tucked away on the back streets.

Don't bring as many clothes as you think you need. You won't change all that much.

Do bring your own single-ply toilet paper.

Don't be disappointed if nothing is the way you thought it would be. Two years ago, everybody's projects got destroyed by windstorms. This meant the art/themes/wonder of it all was fairly muted. It was still way more fun than anything else you could do that week.

Don't expect too much. It's just a big damn camping trip with your friends. Promises of life-changing experiences can be exaggerated. (It might change your life, but don't expect it to. It might suck.)